

The Musical World.

"THE WORTH OF ART APPEARS MOST EMINENT IN MUSIC, SINCE IT REQUIRES NO MATERIAL, NO SUBJECT-MATTER, WHOSE EFFECT MUST BE DEDUCTED. IT IS WHOLLY FORM AND POWER, AND IT RAISES AND ENNOBLES WHATEVER IT EXPRESSES."—Goethe.

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VOL. 35.—No. 24.

SATURDAY, JUNE 13, 1857.

PRICE 4d.
STAMPED 5d.

MISS LASCELLES.—Letters to be addressed to 28, York-street, Portman-square.

SIGNOR GUGLIELMO, 19, Old Bond-street.

WANTED.—Two respectable Youths, as Junior Clerks in a Music-warehouse. Apply to Messrs. Boosey and Sons, Holles-street.

WANTED.—A Shopman for a Music-warehouse, who understands selling music, and who could, if required, try over a piano-forte. Apply, by letter, to A. B., Piazza-hotel, Covent-garden.

TUNER AND REPAIRER OF PIANOFORTES
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STRADUARIUS VIOLONCELLO FOR SALE.—This well-known instrument was purchased at the late John Dennis, Esq.'s sale. Apply to Mr. Joseph Atkinson, 29, George-street, Hull.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—The restoration of DON GIOVANNI having been received with the greatest enthusiasm, the chef-d'œuvre of Mozart will be repeated on TUESDAY, THURSDAY, and SATURDAY, the 16th, 18th, and 20th June, with the following unprecedented cast:—Zerlina, Mdle. Piccolomini; Donna Anna, Mdle. Svezia; and Donna Elvira, Mdle. Ortolani; Don Giovanni, Signor Beneventano; Leporello, Signor Belletti; Maestro, Signor Corsi; Il Commendatore, Signor Violetti; and Don Ottavio, Signor Gingini. The Minuet in the Ball Scene will be danced by Mesdilles. Pasquali, Karliski, Morlacchi, Marie, and Corps de Ballet.

A limited number of Boxes on the Half Circle Tier have been specially reserved for the public, and may be had at the Box-office, at the Theatre, Colonnade, Hay-market. Price 21s. and £1 11s. 6d. each.

MR. BENEDICT'S GRAND MORNING CONCERT
AT HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE, on WEDNESDAY, June 24.

Piccolomini, Svezia, Ortolani, and Albou; Giuglini, Charles Braham, Reichardt, Bottardi, Beneventano, Corsi, Violetti, and Belletti.

The programme will include a selection from Gluck's ORFEO; the part of Orfeo by Mado. Albou. The distinguished instrumentalists engaged for the occasion will include Miss Arabella Goddard, Mr. L. Sloper, Signori Bazzini, Piatti, Pezzo, and Bottesini.

Boxes, to hold four persons, 2s. 3s. and 4 guineas; pit stalls, £1 1s.; gallery stalls, 3s.; gallery, 2s. 6d. To be had at all the principal music-sellers and libraries; of Mr. Benedict, 2, Manchester-square; and at the Box-office of the Theatre.

LONDON SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.—

MR. SURMAN'S ANNUAL NIGHT, on Thursday next, June 18th, when will be performed Haydn's "Creation," preceded by Dr. Elvey's Royal Birthday Cantata (ninth time of performance). Principal vocalists, Miss Milner, Miss E. Hughes, Mr. Cummings, Mr. J. W. Morgan, Mr. Bartleman, and Mr. Lawler. Conductor, Mr. Surman (founder of the Exeter Hall oratorios). Tickets, area or western gallery, 3s.; reserved seats, 5s., to be had of the principal music-sellers, and at the office of the Society, No. 3, Exeter Hall, where choral societies may obtain correct copies of the oratorios at the lowest prices, octavo editions. "Messiah," "Creation," "Judas Maccabeus," and "Israel in Egypt," from 2s. to 5s. each; folio editions, from 10s. to 15s.; a set of orchestral parts from £3 3s. to £5 5s. Now publishing, the Royal Birthday Cantata, complete for 3s., 4s., or 5s., or in numbers 1s. each. Order Surman's Exeter Hall editions, and you will have the best.

MR. HENRY FORBES has the honour to announce that the first performance of his new Oratorio, "RUTH," will take place at the HANOVER-SQUARE ROOMS, on Monday evening, June 22nd, to commence at eight o'clock precisely. Vocalists—Madame Clara Novello, Miss Dolby, Mr. Benson, Mr. Lawler, and Mr. Weiss. The Chorus, under the direction of Mr. Smythson, will comprise 50 voices, selected from the Royal Italian Opera. The Band will be numerous and complete in every department, comprising the most eminent performers of the Royal Italian Opera and the Philharmonic Orchestra. Conductor, Mr. Henry Forbes. Reserved Seats, 10s. 6d.; Single Tickets, 7s. each; to be had at all the principal music warehouses; and of Mr. Henry Forbes, 3, Upper Belgrave-place, Pimlico.

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ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, LYCEUM.—On Tuesday next, JUNE 10, will be performed, Verdi's opera,

LA TRAVIATA.

Characters by Mesdames Bosio and Tagliafico; Signori Graziani, Tagliafico, Polonini, Soldi, Zelger, Mel, and Mario. Conductor—Mr. Costa.

After which, the Divertissement of LA BRÉSILIENNE, Cerito, Delechaux, and Desplaces. Commence at half-past Eight.

DON GIOVANNI—EXTRA NIGHT.

On THURSDAY next, JUNE 18, will be performed (for the second time this season), Mozart's celebrated opera,

DON GIOVANNI.

Characters by Mesdames Gris, Bosio, and Marai; Signori Ronconi, Formes, Polonini, Tagliafico, and Mario.

The Minuet danced by Mdle. Cerito and M. Desplaces.

MADAME RISTORI—LYCEUM THEATRE—SECOND NIGHT OF THE NEW TRAGEDY.

MONDAY next, JUNE 15, will be performed (for the second time in England), Montanelli's new Tragedy, entitled,

CAMMA.

Camma—Madame Ristori; Dionora—Mdle. Picchiotto; Teseo—Sig. Boccomini; Gilda—Sig. Borghi; Sincro—Sig. Gloc.

Commence at half-past Eight.

HERR JANS has the honour to announce that his

MORNING CONCERT will take place at the Hanover Square Rooms, on Monday, June 22. Artists:—Madame Ritterdorf, Madame de Bernardi, Herr von der Osten, Herr Ernst, M. Schreurs, Sig. Piatti, M. Bilet, Herr Pauer, Herr Engel, Herr Kuhe, Sig. Randegger, Mr. Carodus, Mr. Lazarus. Reserved seats, 10s. 6d.; Tickets, 7s.; to be had of all the principal Music-sellers, and of Herr Jansa, 10, Mornington-crescent.

MADAME CLARA SCHUMANN begs to announce

that she will give a MATINEE, at the Hanover-square Rooms, on Saturday, June 27; to commence at half-past 3. On which occasion Mdme. Schumann will perform works by Mendelssohn, Chopin, Handel, Beethoven, Mozart, etc. Vocalists—Mdme. Clara Novello, Miss Stabach. Violin, Herr Ernst. Stalls, 15s.; Tickets, 10s. 6d.; to be had at Leader and Cocks, 63, New Bond-street, corner of Brook-street; of the principal music-sellers; and of Mdme. Schumann, 32, Dorset-place, Dorset-square.

HERR FERI KLETZER, Violoncellist, has the honour

to announce that his MORNING CONCERT will take place at the NEW BEETHOVEN ROOMS, 27, Queen Ann-street, Thursday, June 25th. Artists: Madame Clara Schumann, Herr Ernst, Mdle. de Westerstrand, Mdle. Sedlatzky, Herr von der Osten, Herr C. Oberthür, Herr C. Deichmann, Herr Julius Benedict, and Herr W. Kuhe. Family Tickets, to admit three, One Guinea; Single Tickets, Half-a-Guinea; may be had at Schott and Co.'s, 159, Regent-street.

GREAT HANDEL FESTIVAL, 1857. — POLICE

REGULATIONS, to prevent obstructions at the Crystal Palace, on Monday, 15th, Wednesday 17th, and Friday, 19th of June, 1857.

Setting Down.—By Westow-hill, Anerley-road, or Croydon-road, carriages with company having pink or south tickets, are to set down at the south transept.

Waiting and Taking Up.—Carriages are to wait in the Anerley and hamlet roads, or in the road opposite the transepts, and take up their company at the south transept, as directed by the police, and go away as they came.

Setting Down.—By Dulwich Private Road or Sydenham Hill, carriages with company having buff or north tickets are to set down at the north transept.

Waiting and Taking up.—Carriages are to wait in the Sydenham-road (in double line), in the road opposite the transept, and take up their company at the north transept, as directed by the police, and go away as they came.

Setting down.—By Sydenham or Bromley, carriages with company may set down at either the Sydenham or Anerley entrances to the gardens: those with pink tickets will enter at the south wing, and those with buff tickets at the north wing.

Waiting and Taking up.—Carriages are to wait in the new private road, and take up their company at those entrances, as directed by the police, and go away as they came. No carriages or vehicles of any description (except those which have set down their company at the Crystal Palace) will be allowed to remain on the roads near the Palace, but will remain as directed by the police.

Servants are to wait where directed by the police.

RICHARD MAYNE, Commissioner of Police of the Metropolis.
Metropolitan Police-office, June, 1857.

CRYSTAL PALACE—HANDEL FESTIVAL WEEK.

The following are the ARRANGEMENTS for the ADMISSION of VISITORS during the Week:—

THIS DAY, Saturday, June 13.—Full Choral Rehearsal. Open at Nine; commence at Eleven. Admission by Tickets at 10s. 6d.

Monday, June 15.—"The Messiah." Open at Eleven; commence at One. Display of the Grand Fountains one hour after the termination of the Oratorio. Admission by Tickets at 10s. 6d.; Reserved Seats, 21s.

Tuesday, June 16.—Open at Ten. Admission, One Shilling.

Wednesday, June 17.—"Judas Macabeanus." Open at Eleven; commence at One. Display of the Grand Fountains one hour after the termination of the Oratorio. Admission by Tickets at 10s. 6d.; Reserved Seats, 21s.

Thursday, June 18.—Open at Ten. Admission, One Shilling.

Friday, June 19.—"Israel in Egypt." Open at Eleven; commence at One. Display of the Grand Fountains one hour after the termination of the Oratorio. Admission by Tickets at 10s. 6d.; Reserved Seats, 21s.

Saturday, June 20.—Open at Twelve. Admission, Half-a-Crown.

N.B.—Season Tickets will not be available for admission on the 13th, 15th, 17th, or 19th instant.

GREAT HANDEL FESTIVAL—TICKET NOTICE.

The Central Ticket Office at Exeter Hall, and the Office, 79, Lombard-street, will be opened for the Sale of Tickets at Eight in the Morning on the Day of the Rehearsal, 13th June, as well as on the 15th, 17th and 19th, the Days of Performance. On the intermediate days (Sunday excepted) these Offices will be opened at Ten. They will be closed each Day at Six.

Intending Visitors are earnestly recommended, in order to prevent disappointment, as well as to avoid detention and other inconvenience at the Railway Station or Entrances to the Palace, to provide themselves with Tickets beforehand.

Tickets for REHEARSAL, Half a Guinea; for PERFORMANCES, Numbered Reserved Seats in Gallery (with Private Entrance), Two Guineas; in Area, One Guinea; Unreserved Seats, Half a Guinea.

The Sale of Stalls (for that particular day) will be closed at Half-past Nine on each day of Performance.

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London and the provinces as the ORCHESTRAL UNION, can be engaged for Concerts on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, in the evening; or Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, in the morning, during the season. For terms apply to G. Dolby, Esq., 2, Hyde-street, Manchester-square.

THE REDHILL ESTATE.—THE CONSERVATIVE

LAND SOCIETY.—The Redhill Estate in Nutfield, East Surrey, will be offered for sale on and after Thursday, the 18th inst., in plots of about half-acre each, with excellent building frontages. The estate is admirably adapted as sites for villas, the scenery, in picturesque beauty, being equal to any in this well known neighbourhood. Plans, price 7d. each, will be sent by post to any part of the country.

CHARLES LEWIS GRUNEISEN, Secretary.

Offices, 53, Norfolk-street, Strand, London, W.C.

THE MAIDSTONE ESTATE.—THE CONSERVATIVE

LAND SOCIETY.—On Thursday, the 18th inst., at the offices, 53, Norfolk-street, Strand, London, W.C., will be commenced the sale of the Maidstone Estate, in West Kent. The land is of good elevation, with inclination to the south, and from the upper part views can be obtained of the Valley of the Medway. The estate is admirably adapted for building purposes, and a free site having been given for a church, large donations have already been subscribed for the speedy erection of the edifice. Plans, price 7d., will be forwarded by post to any part of the country.

CHARLES LEWIS GRUNEISEN, Secretary.

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Pianofortes and Patent Regulating Hopper, 314, Oxford-street, for touch, tone, and durability are not to be excelled. Made expressly for extreme climates. N.B.—Pianofortes taken in exchange, tuned, and lent on hire.

PIANOFORTES.—DEWRANCE'S COMPENSATING

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HANDEL FESTIVAL.—Select Airs from Handel's

Sacred Oratorios, arranged for the Pianoforte by W. H. Calcott. The Fourth Book is now ready, Solos and Duets, with ad lib. accompaniments for Flute, Violin and Violoncello; also, favourite Marches, Minuets, and Movements from Handel's Italian operas, etc. C. Lonsdale, Musical Circulating Library, 26, Old Bond-street. N.B.—Lists may be had of Dr. Crotch's arrangements of Handel's Choruses, etc., for the Organ or Pianoforte; Handel's Songs, Duets, etc., etc.

"THOSE OTHER TIMES." Ballad, sung by Miss

Julia St. George, in her Dramatic Entertainment, entitled "Home and Foreign Lyrics." The music by J. F. Duggan. Now ready, price 2s., post free on receipt of the amount in postage stamps. London: Hartmann and Co., 88, Albany-street N.W.

"JOAN OF ARC," Recit. and Air.—Sung by Miss JULIA

ST. GEORGE in her Dramatic Entertainment, entitled "Home and Foreign Lyrics." The music by J. F. Duggan. Now ready, price 2s. 6d., post free on receipt of the amount in postage stamps. Hartmann and Co., 88, Albany-street, N.W., Music-sellers.

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REVIEWS.

"HARK, HOW EACH GIANT OAK" Air; "DEAR LOST COMPANIONS," Arietta; "STAY, OH! STAY," Recitative and Air. Composed by Edwin George Monk.

A separate edition of the three bass songs from Mr. Monk's cantata entitled *The Bard* (to Gray's poetry), which was favourably reviewed in a recent number of *The Musical World*.

"CHANTS IN VOCAL SCORE"—with an accompaniment for the Organ. Composed and arranged by George Barker.

These chants are well voiced, and the harmony is unexceptionable; but they offer no point for special remark.

"TWILIGHT." Poetry by H. W. Longfellow. Music composed by R. J. Ella.

The melody is graceful, the accompaniment neat and effective, and the spirit of the poetry is sensibly reflected in the music. Originality alone is wanting; but where are we to look for originality now-a-days! We must be content with skilful workmanship.

Mr. R. J. Ella, composer of "Twilight," has addressed us a letter, in which he repudiates the idea of being confounded with the director of the Musical Union.

"MILITARY MARCH." For the Pianoforte. Composed by J. B. Turner.

There are some good points in this march (instance among others the 2nd trio in B minor). The general character of the movement is vigorous, but it is occasionally crude. Mr. Turner is a young, and, we have reason to believe, a promising student in the Royal Academy of Music.

"SOUVENIR DE JASSI"—Mazurka brillante, pour piano. Par Ignace Tedesco.

A graceful trifle, without pretension or difficulty. We much prefer these little pieces of Herr Tedesco, which are wholly the offspring of his own invention, to the trumpy operatic stews, hashes, and *bouillabaises* under which the shelves of our great music publishers are groaning.

"TWO MOVEMENTS"—for the Organ. Composed by Charles Edward Stephens.

Sound, sensible music. The first movement—*adagio non troppo*, in F minor—is plaintive; the second—*andante*, in G—has the true character of the *pastorale*, which it professes to be. Mr. Stephens should write more such pieces. Young organists, who are not strong enough for Bach or Mendelssohn, and who are tired of Rinck, will thank him for them.

No. 1.—POLKA. "THE CHATELAIN." No. 2.—POLKA. "THE CHATEAU." Arranged for Pianoforte solo.

Both polkas are spirited; but of the two *The Chateau* is the most tuneful and the best. Both are correctly written—a quality we are always pleased to notice.

"MY SOUL HATH LONGED FOR THY SALVATION." Anthem for two voices. Composed by L. J. Reeve.

The characteristics of this anthem, which is written for *soprano* and *contralto*, are smoothness and insipidity. It has, however, both in the duet and solo movements, the advantage of being vocal, and that is a quality not to be despised.

"EVE'S CONSOLATION." Sacred Recit. and Aria. Music composed by Edward Clare.

We can find neither fault nor beauty to notice in this piece, which is simply a well-sustained commonplace.

"CASTLES IN THE AIR." The words and melody composed and inscribed to his friend Samuel Lover, Esq., by Douglas Thompson.

A model ballad. The words are healthy; the melody charmingly flowing and simple, besides being essentially vocal; and the accompaniment (whoever made it) quite worthy of the rest. It is long since we have met with so unaffected and pretty a song.

No. 1. "THE QUEEN OF THE CHASE"—Quadrille. No. 2. "SONG OF THE WILD BEE." No. 3. "EXCELSIOR"—Cantatina, Chorus, with solos for soprano, alto, tenor, and bass. Composed by W. T. Belcher.

The setting of "Excelsior" fails, like every setting of the same remarkable poem we have seen, from its almost unavoidable fragmentary character. Nevertheless, Mr. Belcher has done his best to get over this difficulty by repeating a part of the opening chorus, with certain modifications, to the words, "There in the twilight cold and gray," at the conclusion. There are other good points, and one particularly worth noting—we mean the manner in which the exclamation "Excelsior" (pages 5 and 8) is conveyed, which, in both instances, is vigorous and natural.

The quadrille ("Queen of the Chase") is animated and pretty, the third and fourth figures (*Poule* and *Pastorelle*) being especially tuneful and engaging.

The "Song of the Wild Bee," though not ungraceful, is less remarkable.

QUARTET FROM "RIGOLETTO." By Benediet.

We have seen no arrangement of the deservedly popular quartet from the last act of *Rigoletto* in which the text of the composer is followed with such scrupulous exactitude, while the genius of the pianoforte and the convenience of the pianist are equally consulted. But Mr. Benediet is a musician of taste as well as a composer of distinction, and the arrangement of operatic pieces from his pen must not be confounded with those of the common herd.

THE CONSERVATIVE LAND SOCIETY.—The nineteenth quarterly meeting of the members was held at the offices, 33, Norfolk-street, Strand, on Tuesday, the 9th inst., Viscount Ranelagh in the chair. The noble chairman read the report of the executive committee, which congratulated the members on the success of the experiment in April last of allotting houses leased and occupied; the villa residences on the St. Margaret's estate not only having been chosen with early rights of choice, but considerable premiums were paid to secure these excellent investments. Before the end of the financial year the committee hope to submit for sale villas now in the course of erection on the Enfield estate. About one-third of the Taunton estate has been already sold, and the tenders for roads and drains having been called for, it is expected that the remainder will be speedily taken. The contract for the Kentish-town estate roads and drains will be carried out without delay. The Maidstone estate in West Kent, and the Redhill estate in Nutfield, close to the railway station, in East Surrey, will be allotted on the 18th inst. The committee have set apart a free site for a church on the Maidstone estate, and it was stated that a handsome donation had been subscribed by a gentleman of Maidstone to secure the speedy erection of a church. Lord Alfred Churchill having retired, the executive committee had elected Lieut.-Colonel Meyrick as a member of the board. Viscount Peversey, M.P., Hon. Ralph Dutton, M.P., Mr. Beach, M.P., Mr. Archdall, M.P., and Mr. M. D. Scott had been added to the general committee. The receipts from Lady-day to June 6th amounted to £8,154 19s. 10d., and the grand total to that date to £295,508 9s. 10d.; total number of shares 13,343. The total sale of land was £205,375 14s. 2d. The report adverted to the recent general elections:—"The executive committee had occasion in their last report, after the contests in East Sussex and West Kent had taken place, to record the good faith with which nearly all the allottees who acquired the freehold franchise in those two counties, through the instrumentality of the Society, had voted in favour of the Conservative candidates. Since the two struggles referred to a general election has taken place, the fourth parliament of Queen Victoria having been dissolved on the 20th of March, 1857, and the Committee have again the satisfaction of reporting to the members that the returns of the polling have been exceedingly gratifying; and had the general body of Conservatives acted with the same consistency and fidelity as the allottees of the Society, some of the counties might have been saved to the cause. The Committee were well aware that in a society, the commercial advantages of which have been so eagerly sought by all classes of the community, investors of various shades of political opinion would be found, many of whom, it may be stated, honourably abstained from voting; but so far as regards the members placed on the register by the Society, the proportion of Conservative voters is at least ninety per cent." On the motion of the noble chairman, the report was unanimously adopted. A drawing afterwards took place for one hundred rights of choice, and fifty were added by seniority.

HANDEL.*

[Continued from page 358.]

MEANWHILE, having completed *Athalia* on the 7th June, Handel went down to Oxford, where he produced *Esther* on the 5th July, repeating it on the 7th. On the 9th, *Athalia* was brought out for the first time. The second performance took place on the 11th. The *Gentleman's Magazine* of the same month informs us that this work was received "with vast applause before an audience of 3,700 persons." In consequence of its success, Handel was offered the diploma of a Doctor of Music. He refused it, however, observing, as we are told: "Vat de dyfel I trow my money away for dat wick de blockhead wish? I no want." In elucidation of this observation, we may remark that a diploma was to be obtained by anyone who could write, in a passable manner, a cantata for eight voices, provided he could, also, furnish an accompaniment of one hundred guineas.

It appears that Handel now went abroad to beat up a company for the approaching operatic campaign. He re-opened the season at the Haymarket on the 30th October, his principal artists being Scalzi, the two sisters Negri, Signora Durastanti, and Carestini.

During this period Handel's enemies had not been inactive. They had engaged the famous Farinelli, and secured, likewise, the services of Signora Cuzzoni, who once more appeared in this country. Porpora and Arrigoni were appointed composers, under the direction of Lord Cooper. The Lincoln's Inn theatre was opened on the 29th December, with Porpora's *Ariadne*, the general rehearsal of which had taken place four days previously, at the house of the Prince of Wales, who, for some time, joined the opposition to Handel. He did this, probably, merely with a view to annoy the king, his father, for he very soon changed sides.

Handel produced, on the 30th October, his opening night, *Semiramis*; and, on the 4th December following, and the 5th January, 1734, *Cajus Fabricius* and *Arbaces* respectively. It was in *Cajus Fabricius* that Carestini made his *début*. The airs in these three operas are by unknown masters, the recitatives connecting them being all that Handel contributed. On the 26th January he also produced an *Ariadne*, and, by a singular coincidence, each of the two similarly-named works attained nineteen representations.

The next composition of the great musician was the serenata of *Parnasso in Festa*, written to celebrate the marriage of the Princess Anne with the Prince of Orange. The *Daily Journal*, of the 11th March, announces it as "an essay of several different sorts of harmony." This "essay" was, after all, far from being entirely novel. Only thirteen of the airs and songs are new, the rest being borrowed from *Athalia*.

Musicians are acquainted with a *Wedding Anthem* which Handel composed in 1736 for the marriage of the Prince of Wales. In addition to this he arranged, according to M. Schœlcher, another, which has never been mentioned, for the marriage of the Princess Anne. This latter anthem, the MS. of which M. Schœlcher possesses, is, he asserts, the one really performed at the Princess's marriage. M. Schœlcher comes to this conclusion from the following paragraph in the *London Magazine* for March 1734:

"After the organ had played some time, His Highness the Prince of Orange led the Princess Royal to the rails of the altar and knelt down, and then the Lord Bishop of London perform'd the service; after which the bride and bridegroom arose and retired to their places, whilst a fine anthem, composed by Mr. Handell, was performed by a great number of voices and instruments."

This anthem contains nothing new, everything being taken from *Athalia* and *Parnasso*.

On the 4th June, *Pastor Fido* was produced, completely rearranged. The book for the occasion is inscribed "Second Edition, with large additions." It was played eight times between the 4th and 29th of the month, winding up the season on the last-mentioned night. It was also during 1734 that Handel brought out the celebrated *Hautbois Concertos*, Op 3^a, previously composed at various epochs.

* *The Life of Handel*, by Victor Schœlcher: London, Trübner and Co., 57, Paternoster Row.

Handel's partnership with Heidegger, who was the principal lessee of the Haymarket theatre, came to a conclusion with the season of 1734, and Heidegger immediately ceded the theatre to the rival company in Lincoln's Inn Fields. Handel had now an opportunity of retreating honourably from the contest in which he had engaged. But such a step did not suit a man of his determined character, and, accordingly, we find him taking the deserted theatre, and commencing management on his own responsibility alone. At this, the nobility became still more irritated than before. Most of the friends who had hitherto espoused his cause, now deserted him, for the spirit of their order became mixed up in the matter, and between that order and the daring *impresario* there was open war. It was now held to be a mark of good breeding and refined taste to abuse all he did, and the immortal Fielding thus refers to the fact in *Tom Jones*:-

"It was Mr. Western's custom every afternoon, as soon as he was drunk, to hear his daughter play on the harpsichord, for he was a great lover of music, and perhaps, had he lived in town, might have passed for a connoisseur, for he always excepted against the finest compositions of Mr. Handel."

Nothing, however, could quell his spirit or alter his determination, and, on the 5th October, 1734, he opened the campaign in Lincoln's Inn Fields with revivals of *Ariadne* and *Pastor Fido*. Not finding the house convenient, he took Covent Garden Theatre, then lately built, and where, by the beginning of November, he re-produced *Ariadne*, preceded by "a new dramatick entertainment in musick, called *Terpsicore*," as the *Theatrical Register* informs us, and in which Mdlle. Sallé, a French *danseuse*, was the attraction. The next operatic novelty from Handel's pen was *Ariodante*, first represented on the 18th December, and performed twelve times.

The company in the Haymarket were, at this time, enjoying a great success with Hasse's *Artaxerxes*, which had run since the 27th October, 1734, and was interpreted by Farinelli, Montagnana, Senesino and Signora Cuzzoni. Notwithstanding the annoyance which he must necessarily have felt at the success of the rival house, and despite all the cares and responsibilities of management, Handel, whilst directing, during Lent, from March 5th to April 12th, fourteen performances of oratorios, still found leisure for fresh efforts. On the 16th April he re-opened the theatrical season with *Alcina*, which had been completed on the 8th, and contained thirty-two airs, one duet, and four choruses. Moreover, at each performance, he directed the orchestra in person, and, at the performances of oratorios, played one, two, and sometimes even three concertos on the organ.

From a letter written by Handel, and bearing date July 28th, 1735, we learn that he was undecided as to his plans for the ensuing season. This uncertainty was increased by the departure of Carestini, the only man capable of counterbalancing Farinelli. In consequence of this, Handel abandoned Italian opera for a time, and in the month of January, 1736, resolved to treat the English subject of *Alexander's Feast*, the music to which he improvised in three weeks. It was performed at Covent Garden, by English artists, on the 19th February, "after the manner of an oratorio," that is to say, without action. The *London Daily Post* says:-

"There never was, upon the like occasion, so numerous and splendid an audience at any theatre in London, there being at least thirteen hundred persons present; and it is judged that the receipts of the house could not amount to less than *four hundred and fifty pounds*. It met with general applause, though attended with the inconvenience of having the performers placed at too great a distance from the audience, which, we hear, will be rectified the next time of performance."

Alexander's Feast, with *Acis and Galatea*, and *Esther*, all English works, staved off for a moment the ruin which hung over the head of the dauntless musician. Still he considered it indispensable always to have an Italian company, and, therefore, set about procuring one. On the 12th May, Sig. Conti made his *début* in *Atalanta*, composed on the occasion of the marriage of the Prince of Wales. Handel wrote also, for the religious ceremony, the *Wedding Anthem*, performed on the 27th April, in the Chapel Royal, St. James's.

On the 12th January, 1737, *Armenius* appeared, and failed; on the 16th February, *Justin* or *Giustino* was produced with the same result, and, finally, on the 18th May, *Berenice* was brought out, but, says Burney, "in spite of its excellence, could not go beyond four representations."

The fall of *Berenice* was the *coup de grâce*. Besides expending the last farthing of the £10,000 he had saved, Handel had contracted debts, and could not continue the contest any longer. He was obliged to close his theatre, and, what to him must have occasioned a far greater pang, to suspend his payments. But he enjoyed at least one consolation. His rivals also, were compelled to retire from the struggle. In the month of September, they paid up their accounts, having sustained a loss of £12,000. There was, likewise, another fact which must have been peculiarly gratifying to Handel in his misfortune. Every artist—with the exception of Del Po, in virtue of his marital rights over Signora Strada—to whom the great composer owed anything unhesitatingly accepted his bills, which were all honoured at a later period. They could, however, afford to wait, for they had been in the receipt of enormous salaries.

The anxiety and labour Handel had gone through, produced its natural consequence. The papers mention the fact of his indisposition as early as the month of April. A little later, the humiliations and regrets to which, as an insolvent debtor, he was exposed, affected him to such a degree, that, according to Mainwaring, his mental faculties were temporarily disturbed. He had, in addition to all these afflictions, an attack of paralysis. With great difficulty he was persuaded to try the waters of Aix-la-Chapelle. He was restored in less than six weeks, and returned to England "greatly recovered in health."—Nov. 7th.

Heidegger the younger, hoping to be more successful than his predecessors, had re-opened the Haymarket theatre, and requested Handel to write something for that establishment. The latter, who wished above all things to pay off his debts, promised compliance with the new manager's wishes, and lost no time in carrying his promise into execution. He had only returned on the 7th, and on the 15th he commenced *Faramondo*. But Queen Caroline died on the 20th, and the king desired him to write an anthem for the funeral. He did so, and yet he completed his opera on the 24th December!

The funeral anthem was performed on the 17th December. *The Daily Post* tells us:—

"The fine anthem of Mr. Handel's was performed about nine; the vocal parts were performed by the several choirs of the Chapel Royal, Westminster Abbey, St. Paul, and Windsor, and the boys of the Chapel Royal and Westminster Abbey; and several musical gentlemen of distinction attended in surplices, and sung in the burial service. There were near 80 vocal performers and 100 instrumental, from His Majesty's band and from the Opera, etc."

The theatre remained closed for some time in consequence of the Queen's death. At its re-opening, in January, 1738, *Faramondo* was produced, the cast including Mad. Duparc, commonly called the Francesina, and Caffarelli. It was performed only five times, a fact, says Burney, "more dishonourable to the public than to the composer." This opera was followed, on the 25th February, by *Alexander Severus*, a pasticcio from Handel's former compositions, and, on the 15th April, 1738, by *Xerxes*, commenced on the 26th of the preceding December, two days after the completion of *Faramondo*. But Fortune was still inexorable. *Xerxes* did not prove more successful than *Faramondo*, being, like the latter, withdrawn after five representations. Meanwhile, Handel was suffering from ill-health, and was, moreover, threatened with arrest by Del Po, Signora Strada's husband. But he was not entirely without consolation. His friends and admirers persuaded him to make an appeal to the public in the form of a benefit. He did so, and found that the public responded to the call. The benefit came off on the 28th March, and attracted an overflowing audience. The net receipts, according to Burney, did not amount to less than £800. Mainwaring sets them down at £1,500, but this was, probably, an exaggeration.

It would appear that Handel's music had been frequently played at Vauxhall Gardens, then a fashionable place of amusement. It was even said that he wrote some pieces expressly for

the frequenters of the gardens. Among his MSS. there is a *Horn-pipe* "composed for the concert at Vauxhall, 1740." The proprietor of the establishment, Jonathan Tyers, having realised a large sum, determined to erect a statue to the composer who had contributed to his fortune. Accordingly he had one executed, in white marble, by Roubillac, and exhibited, for the first time, at the opening of the season, May 1st. This statue has now become the property of the Sacred Harmonic Society, and stands in their offices at Exeter Hall.

Heidegger terminated his season, which had proved a most unsuccessful one, on the 6th June. Not possessing further means, he gave up the speculation, and Italian operas were heard no more until 1740. During this interregnum, Handel published the first six *Organ Concertos*, Op. 4^a. He also commenced the oratorio of *Saul* on the 3rd July, finishing it on the 27th September. Four days afterwards, on the 1st October, he began *Israel in Egypt*, which he completed, fabulous as it may appear, in twenty-seven days! In January, 1739, he took the theatre in the Haymarket for the performance of oratorios twice a week. The first performance of *Saul* took place on the 16th January, and the second was announced for the 23rd, "with several new concertos on the organ." *Israel in Egypt* followed. It was performed on the 4th April, "with several new concertos on the organ, and particularly a new one." It was then announced, on the 5th, for the 11th, "with alterations and additions, and the two last new concertos on the organ, being the last time of performing it." This does not say much for its success. On the 10th, there appeared a new announcement for the 11th, concluding with these words: "The Oratorio will be shortened and intermixed with songs." (To be continued.)

GREAT HANDEL FESTIVAL.

[The following details have been forwarded to us for publication.]

THE stage erected for the Italian Opera Concert has been removed, and the Festival Orchestra exposed to view in its entire extent. Nothing short of a visit can give a due idea of its grandeur. For the past two days thousands of persons have been congregated before it, watching the progress of the workmen with admiring wonder. If Exeter Hall were filled lengthways with a series of semicircular benches, towering high above the roof, it would convey but an inadequate idea of the extent of the orchestra, which alone far exceeds the area of any music hall in the country. A beautiful effect has been produced by colouring the ranges of benches blue, the division of each seat being brought out with a white line. A considerable improvement has been effected by the removal of the floor of the galleries immediately in front of the orchestra, an unimpeded view of which can now be gained from any of the thousands of 10s. 6d. unreserved tickets, which it has been determined shall be issued.—A private trial of the great organ took place on Monday night, before Mr. Costa; the result was gratifying in the extreme; the gigantic instrument answering to the touch, and, as it were, "spitting" out the tone with wonderful force. It was stated by Mr. Scott Russell, who happened to be present, that its powerful notes were distinctly heard in the village of Sydenham, a distance of nearly a mile. The stands for the instrumental performers are nearly completed in their places; their number and uniform decorations give them a very pleasing appearance. Some excellent police regulations were issued yesterday by the authority of Sir Richard Mayne: these, it is anticipated, will prevent the least obstruction on the roads leading to the Palace, and enable visitors to set down by either the north or south transepts without any difficulty. The interest excited by the Festival abroad and in distant parts of the country is very great. Calculations entered into by the Committee, show that of the tickets purchased (already considerably exceeding in amount the entire expenses of the Festival), more than three-fourths have been sent out of London—many of the purchasers coming from great distances abroad, or remote districts in this country, on purpose to attend the Festival. As, in order to make due provision for seats, barriers, stewards, etc., the admission to the palace will be by tickets only, intending visitors are recommended to save themselves trouble by securing tickets beforehand.

MENDELSSOHN.

(From the *British Quarterly Review*)

(Continued from page 360.)

THE death of Mendelssohn will be well remembered, even through the wild whirl of events—revolutions and wars—which has filled the interval. In England, for reasons already intimated, his death was felt by multitudes to be a personal sorrow. The saying, "let who will make the laws of a nation if I may make its songs," was probably elicited by a perception of the relative amounts of influence involved in the two spheres, but it might also have been dictated by a foresight of the more tender regard which the very memory of the song-maker would awake after his songs were all made. When a philosopher, a statesman, or a warrior dies, the nation mourns with a general and equable sorrow; but the emotion which follows to the grave a great master of song, if less general—as being limited by conditions of faculty and culture—is deeper and more impassioned. The gain of an invention, a law, or a victory, is recognised by the intellect; but a new masterpiece of musical art addresses itself direct to the soul. Fine music always carries in it something of appeal to personal feeling, and is personally responded to in the enthusiasm it elicits. It embodies the affections even more than the mental power of the artist, and it is the affections which it elicits and grasps. Another statesman, as wise as the last, may come and carry on his work; but, when Mendelssohn dies, an individual charm is gone clear out of the world, and cannot be renewed even by one greater than himself.

Mendelssohn, too, died young, almost as young as was Mozart at his death. In both cases excessive application brought on the weakness which prematurely destroyed them, and in both cases the power of genius waxed greater up to the very time when that destruction arrived. The *Elijah* was to Mendelssohn what the *Requiem* was to Mozart, the crowning work on which were lavished the splendours of a matured and chastened imagination, and the resources of a consummate composing skill. The ancients piously accepted the death of youthful greatness as showing the love felt by the gods for it; and we might almost have dreamed that Mendelssohn's spirit had been supernaturally sublimed into fitness for the reception of harmonies nobler than his own, which "ear hath not heard, nor hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive." But no such dream could beguile the natural regret everywhere felt that the school of grand oratorio was not to be further enriched by a faculty which had as yet only had time to show its wonderful capabilities. With this painful sense of personal deprivation was mingled a boding fear that Mendelssohn's death was the death of the greatest productive era the art of music has ever known. This fear has derived nothing but confirmation from the interval that has since elapsed. It may be premature to presume on the exhaustion of the soil which has yielded such continuous and splendid fruit, but for the present, at least, the harvest is over. In music, as in literature, we have come upon the critical age which invariably follows the creative. The eye is turned to the past, and the ear follows the same direction. We have now only too much leisure to collect and collate our classics without the attention being distracted by competitive novelties.

The life and labours of Mendelssohn thus were ended. In glancing at the labours in relation to the life, we are first struck with the vastness of their quantity. A hundred works, many of them of the fullest proportions, testify to an industry almost unparalleled. But, indeed, composition was not the task—it was the instinctive occupation of Mendelssohn's mind. At all times and in all places he was engaged in the conception or development of musical ideas. This process was incessantly carried on during his numerous journeys, and at every resting-place his first requirement was a table, that the results might be securely noted. Music was at once the medium and material of his thoughts, and those thoughts flowed with a freedom only less marvellous than their symmetry and intrinsic worth. It is said that his music to the *Antigone* was the work of only eleven days—a feat that equals Handel's alleged composition of the *Messiah* in three weeks. He was present in the Birmingham Town Hall on an occasion when Handel's *Coronation Anthem* was, with other works, to be performed. The concert was already begun, when it was discovered that a recitative, the words of which appeared in the text-books given to the public, was omitted from the part-copies. Noticing the perplexity of the managers, Mendelssohn quietly said, "Wait a little, I will help you;" and sitting down, composed within half-an-hour a recitative with complete orchestral accompaniments, which were re-copied, distributed, and while yet wet from the pen, were played at sight. How spontaneously not only his thoughts and feelings, but even impressions derived from scenery, took with him a melodic form, is shown in the origin of his finest overture. On his return from Scotland, in 1829, his sisters

entreated him to tell them something of the Hebrides. "That cannot be told," said he, "it can only be played;" and, seating himself at the piano, he improvised the beautiful theme which he afterwards expanded into the *Overture to Fingal's Cave*. The *Songs without Words*, which are now amongst the most popular parlour music in the world, had a similar origin in the habitual necessity for musical expression in place of verbal. The apparent anomaly involved in their title ceases when it is remembered that these charming wordless lyrics were really the native language of the composer, and that he is in them as truly descriptive, thoughtful, impassioned, or even satirical, as if he had held the pen of Barry Cornwall or Heinrich Heine. That they convey varied impressions to different minds, by no means implies that the ideas embodied in them by the composer were not clear and specific. What they mean we should be sorry here to guess, with the knowledge that most musical readers have somewhere near them some more pleasant interpreter holding the known credentials of sensibility and fancy!

But there would be an injurious error in supposing, because music is described as the natural speech of Mendelssohn's mind—thus accounting for the great breadth covered by its permanent record—that therefore his works are a mere diary of personal thoughts and feelings. Mendelssohn did not belong to the diseased ultra-subjective school of poets which haunt this age, like so many unblest and bodiless ghosts, but rather to that higher order which includes Shakspeare and Goethe—the order of healthy, synthetic genius which uses the whole realm of nature and the wide range of human character as an open magazine of materials for new and individual creation. The works of Mendelssohn are as various in kind as they are vast in quantity, enriching every department of composition except Opera. Even in this last direction fragments remain which only want completeness to rank with the highest efforts of Gluck, Mozart, and Weber. In his detached *scena*, entitled *Isfelice*, and the published portions of *The Son and Stranger*, the true dramatic life throbs as powerfully as in *Fidelio* or *Zauberflöte*. How facile and splendid was the instinct of representative truth thus imperfectly utilised, is shown in the equal ease with which it rose to the highest level of the two opposite schools of Drama, the Romantic and the Classical. The harmonies he gave to Shakspeare and to Sophocles seem to be no gift, but a part of the organic growth of the works they illustrate. He does not so much sing in the two realms of Fancy and of Fate, as that they themselves endow him with their own voices. This instinctive fidelity to occasion and character is indeed visible through all his works, from the song, with or without words, up through quartets, symphonies, psalms, and oratorios. The mannerisms charged upon Mendelssohn, which do not vary with the occasion, may be all conceded, for, like the Claude light and the Rembrandt shadow, they serve only to identify the artist's work. Probably, for instance, no other composer ever wound up so many productions with flights of high soft chords *con sordino*. It was his habit, more than that of any composer known to us, to *concert* his music the voices, or the voice and instrument, making quite separate contributions to the total effect. There are also occasional recurrences of phrase and figure, instantly to be recognised as Mendelssohnian. But all this in no way interferes with the integrity of each individual composition. The Italian symphony is as unlike the Scotch as *Childe Harold* is unlike *Marmion*. The one is full of blue sky, gaiety, and passion; the other is misty, rugged, and charged successively with solemn and martial memories. Every work of Mendelssohn known to us is stamped with the same consistency. All his melodic wealth—and what composer has left so many fine airs floating in the memory?—and all the resources of his masterly part-writing, are made to subserve a clear prevision and intent, thus securing artistic unity in the work, and conveying to the mind a satisfactory impression of *keeping* and completeness.

But in the chief representative action of Mendelssohn's genius, the mere dramatic faculty seems to pass out of sight in the splendour of pure inspiration. He is pre-eminently the musical interpreter of the Christian Evangel. Many before him had embodied sacred sentiments and incidents in noble compositions. Anglican service-music and Catholic masses are rich with many a strain worthy of the uses to which they are consecrated. But Handel alone, before Mendelssohn, had risen to the full height "of this great argument." In the *Messiah*, the spirit of faith and of praise found expression so sublime that it would seem as if no form of ascription could be worthier of the Divine Object. Nor can it be at all pretended that Mendelssohn has exceeded or even equalled Handel in the grandeur of his choral movements, though the already named "Thanks be to God," and the concluding choruses of his Hymn of Praise and Forty-second Psalm, might suggest a doubt on that point. And yet is his, of all music, the most entirely true to the spirit of the new dispensation. To the great utterance of praise he has added the sentiment of love in its most exquisite forms, and to faith he has given a character of touching con-

fidence. In his harmony the human and divine seem to be harmonised; the aspiration of man is attuned to the nature and precept of Christ. Those who remember the alto song, "O, Rest in the Lord," and the choruses, "Happy and blest are They," and "I waited on the Lord," will feel all the truth of what we write. This spirit is, indeed, transfused, with all the harmonising power of light, through Mendelssohn's oratorios and psalms; and judging from the fragments of the unfinished oratorio of *Christus*, it would probably have found its finest development in that work. Sterner elements, however, are not wanting in these compositions. The invocations of the Baalites in *Elijah*, and the exclamatory choruses of the persecuting Jews in *St. Paul* and *Christus* are terrible in their fidelity to the fell spirit of fanatical rage. The Jewish choruses, especially, give so startlingly real a presentment of ruthless fury in the mobs who stoned Stephen and crucified Christ, as to set us musing with curious interest on the psychological question how far the composer's Hebrew descent in this case modifies the action of imagination. The chorus, "Stone him to Death," has intense cruelty in every bar of its broken and complicated rhythm. But all this, though in itself fine dramatic portraiture, has its finest use in eliciting, by contrast, and in musical expression, the Christian spirit of faith and love. In realizing that contrast, Mendelssohn's happy and original conception of the use of chorales in Oratorio has greatly aided, however we may doubt whether his success has justified Meyerbeer in extending the practice to opera. After the fierce tumult of sounds which precedes the stoning of Stephen, with what a sacred and soothing simplicity ascend the harmonies of the fine old German tune which follows—harmonies which well might be supposed fit to rise to heaven with the passing soul of a Christian martyr! By the occasional introduction of these adapted hymns, Mendelssohn strikes the dominant tone of his sacred works; and the fact that the impression they produce is sustained and even intensified by his own richer and more elaborate movements, surely justifies the claim we have made on his behalf, that he is pre-eminently the musical interpreter of Christianity.

There are some, however, who will regard a version of Christianity in music, especially in dramatic form, as a small, if not indeed an evil thing. A recent burst of northern ecclesiastical jealousy against instrumental aids in worship has reminded us of a famous invective on the subject of sacred music, formerly fulminated from the same cardinal point. Alas! for those who love sacred music, especially if they feel much of its sublime and beautiful meaning. This is only "that illusion which momentary visitations of seriousness and sentiment throw around the character of man."* "Have you ever heard any tell," exclaimed the fervid Chalmers, "and with complacency, too, how powerfully his devotion was awakened by an act of attendance on the oratorio—how his heart, melted and subdued by the influence of harmony, did homage to all the religion of which it was the vehicle?" &c. And then he depicts the susceptible sinner "leaving the exhibition as dead in trespasses and sins as he came to it. Conscience has not awakened upon him. Repentance has not turned him." Now, what is this to the purpose? If true, it is no more true of the oratorio than the sacred service, to which many a sinner comes, and is moved, and departs without repentance and without faith. He is certainly safer from "illusion" under the drawl of a nasal precentor than when listening to Haydn's firmament anthem of God's handiwork, but we venture to doubt the gain of such an immunity. But is it necessarily true that all impressions from sacred music must be "momentary visitations?" We are aware how in some latitudes the culture and discipline of ages have prescribed a sharp and clear demarcation between things sacred and things secular, and that a stern fidelity to that outline has had eminent uses. But "the wind bloweth where it listeth," however we may tacitly limit its range. Nor can the solemn verities of religion be less likely to affect the spirit when they are clothed in tones appropriate to their grandeur than when committed to a tasteless and soulless drawl. We could as soon suppose that the burning periods of Chalmers were a less worthy vehicle of truth than the baldest commonplace known to the presbytery. Those who think the power of Christianity is extended only by means of oral or written teaching and personal example surely know little of the philosophy of its action. The truths of a creed appeal to the intellect; the beauty and sympathy of a religion naturally ally themselves with imagination, and through imagination with art. Christianity does more than this; it modifies all the products of intelligence brought into contact with it. They absorb and radiate its influence as certainly as natural objects absorb and radiate heat. Its spirit permeates the legislation, the learning, and the commerce of a Christian people, and is, in a blind imperfect way, reproduced by them. These are the secularities of earth, made by a silently constraining force into interpreters of Heaven. But art has

closer affinity to religion and greater reproductive power. And musical art, which, while it symbolizes the new harmony in the elements of the present life, is the destined medium for celebrating its consummation in a better, may surely in its own best way repeat the great tidings of "peace on earth and good will toward men." But with or without our assent the story is sure to be so told. Christianity is full of the elements of music, and there is a "harmony of the gospels" quite apart from the mere *consensus* of their testimony. When this is brought into contact with the creative faculty it must inevitably flow into the forms of composition, and the greatest of all meanings must enter into and consecrate to itself the finest of all sounds. The process of this interfusion may be elaborate and complicated, but that matters little if the result be simple and true. The old pious jealousy of human genius and its works must here consent to be put gently aside. Under the law the greatest possible perfection of the sacrifice was insisted on, and we are not aware that in this regard at least the new dispensation has abrogated the old.

The life of Mendelssohn is yet unwritten. Sketches of its chief events have appeared, but the lineaments of the individual man are yet in the nimbus of personal recollection and hoarded correspondence. The three publications named at the head of this article are alike admirable for their intelligent appreciation of the character and proportions of the composer's genius, and they are equally warmed with the sentiment of personal attachment. The two first, however, are sadly wanting in graphic power, giving us no picture of a life, but only a collection of dates and events. Mr. Chorley's book on modern German music is delightful in every sense, and there are indications in the portions of it dedicated to the memory of his illustrious friend, that he *could* write a Life of Mendelssohn worthy of the subject, and worthy to be placed on the same shelf with the *Life of Mozart* before alluded to. We believe that when, by his or some other truthful, skilful, and affectionate hand, this task is accomplished—when we are made to see the Mendelssohn of everyday word and act, and are enriched with his letters—we shall stand face to face with a manly, genial, and refined nature, having little of the eccentric and aggressive tendency which creates adventure, but animated with a healthy enthusiasm and calmed with the consciousness of beneficent power. His life will be found true to the lofty spirit of his labours, and the man will appear as great as the artist. Well was he named Felix, to whom it was given in so short a life to contribute so much to the happiness of many future lives, and in whom experience of many joys and sympathy with many sorrows co-operated with an imagination rare in its realising force, to keep unbroken the great circle of his power in artistic expression.

MADAME SIEVERS.

[We have been requested by a correspondent to publish the following extract from a letter of M. Fétis to the Director of the *Revue et Gazette Musicale de Paris*.]

26th March, 1857.

"If our age is very productive of clever artists who make the press work in behalf of their reputation, more or less well acquired, there are also some of sterling talent, but modest to such a degree that they almost neglect to make their worth known. One of these rare examples occurred the other day in Brussels. I wish to speak of Mad. Sievers, whom Rossini presented to me some eighteen months ago as a lady of the most distinguished talent, but whose merits I could not appreciate before I went to Spa last season. It was then I made her acquaintance as a composer of melodies, which are very remarkable for their distinctness of ideas and beautiful harmonies; as a singer, distinguished by that *mise de voix* of the good and old Italian school which gets more scarce every day; by the art of phrasing with expression and taste, always in character with the music, and with that beautiful accentuation of the words (be they Italian or French) which adds so much to its charm, and lastly, as one of the most perfect accompanists. Being present once at a singing lesson given by her, I became convinced that her talent as a teacher is by no means inferior to all the other faculties with which Nature has so richly endowed her. My astonishment was great indeed to find so many excellent qualities united in a lady whose name was entirely unknown to me before Rossini presented her to me. Sicilian by birth, she lived a long time in Naples. On her way to Florence she met Rossini, who advised her to fix her residence in Paris, where she has been for the last seven years solely occupied in teaching singing, but doing little to attract that attention she is so much entitled to. Our age, so much preoccupied, does not look out for real merit; the papers have so much to do with a multitude of celebrities, that there is no time left for those who are satisfied to be good without shining—that's the reason of my having had no knowledge before of the talents of Madame Sievers. A week ago the lady arrived at Brussels, and accepted

* *Astronomical Discourses*. Discourse VII.

my proposal to play on the Harmonium of M. Debain, and to sing some of her most admired melodies, in a Soirée at the Circle Artistique et Littéraire. The rooms were crowded, and it is impossible to say too much of the effect she produced. Surrounded by first-rate talent, every one congratulated Madame Sievers on her great and well merited success."

THEATRE ROYAL, HAYMARKET.—This evening, *THE HUSBAND OF AN HOUR*; after which, the New Farce, *MY SON, DIANA*; with *ATALANTA*. In future the Prices of Admission to this Theatre will be—Stalls, 6s.; Dress Circle, 5s.; Upper Boxes 3s.; Pit, 2s.; Lower Gallery, 1s.; Upper Gallery, 6d. Second Price:—Dress Circle, 3s.; Upper Boxes, 2s.; Pit, 1s.; Lower Gallery, 6d. Commence each evening at 7.

THEATRE ROYAL, ADELPHI.—This evening, *GEORGE DARVILLE, THE PRETTY GIRLS OF STILBERG*, and *A NIGHT AT NOTTING-HILL*. Commence at 7.

ROYAL PRINCESS'S THEATRE.—Monday, June 15th, and during the week, *RICHARD THE SECOND*, preceded by the new Farce, *AN ENGLISHMAN'S HOUSE IS HIS CASTLE*. Commence at 7.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

SEVERAL CONCERTS in type are unavoidably postponed till next Saturday.
Mr. J. W.—We cannot undertake to examine manuscript compositions.

THE MUSICAL WORLD.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JUNE 13TH, 1857.

DOUGLAS JERROLD dead! On Tuesday morning the announcement of this melancholy event in the newspapers came upon London like a thunder-clap.

The effect of a death upon the survivors may generally be measured by the extent of change it produces in the aspect of the external world. A dear friend who dies in Australia may be less practically lamented than a detested cat that has slept for years on a particular rug. The friend in Australia was out of sight already, and does not become more invisible by being laid under ground. But the object that was present day after day has become an essential figure in that picture which, narrow as it may be, is a macrocosm to the spectator, and when it is suddenly torn out the gap is not easily supplied.

A reference to statistics, would, we think, show that literature is, on the whole, favourable to longevity, and that literary men generally live longer than their energies. The death of a celebrated luminary is announced in the journals, and the world is less astonished at the fact thus communicated, than at the discovery that the deceased person has lived so long. Let our readers turn over in their minds the illustrious deaths that have taken place within the last three or four years, and they will find this remark amply confirmed.

But the death of Douglas Jerrold is, in every sense of the word, a loss to London society. He was snatched from us while in the full exertion of his energies,—he was beloved and revered by all the working literary men,—(the sort of men whom the *Saturday Review* makes a point of abusing)—and last of all he was a familiar object. That short, stooping, figure,—those sharp and finely chiselled features,—those large blue eyes,—made up a certain human entirety, without which the modern Pantheon was not complete. London without a Douglas Jerrold! There is incompleteness in the very sound of it.

Whose sayings will now be recorded? While our Jerrold lived, we were always in expectation of certain oracular

dicta, which were sure to be impressed deeply on the memory, and which we could connect as so many mottoes, with the images of an acquaintance. The mottoes were not always flattering to the originals represented by the images, but nevertheless they conferred a sort of immortality even on persons otherwise obscure. There is no man left whose *bon mots* will be recorded with the same certainty of producing an effect, as those of Douglas Jerrold. Our esteemed friend *****, and our dearly beloved ****, say many good things, but in nine cases out of ten, these will not bear recording, so necessarily do they belong to the time and place of their first utterance. It was a peculiarity of Douglas Jerrold's repartees that they could always be repeated with success. His jokes had a certain power of enduring wear and tear, that enabled them to pass through any number of mouths without detriment. Hence we hope that a volume of Douglas Jerrold's "Table Talk" will be given to us as an imperfect compensation for our heavy loss. Unless the editor be the stupidest of mankind, such a book will be a veritable casket of diamonds.

A biography of Douglas Jerrold is also a *desideratum* in the history of modern literature. According to the meagre outline that we possess, he was an admirable specimen of genius surmounting difficulties. He begins his career as a midshipman during the war, he is bound apprentice to a printer when peace is proclaimed, and educates himself in his leisure hours chiefly by the study of Shakspeare, though he also acquires a knowledge of the French and Italian languages, he becomes a popular writer for the stage, a still more popular contributor to periodical literature, and he ends his career as the editor of a weekly newspaper, which, by his own talents, is increased in circulation so as to become one of the most important hebdomadal journals of the time. And all this while his society is everywhere courted for the charm of his conversation; and the fame that he acquires through the tradition of his spoken pleasantries even exceeds that which he gains through the medium of the stage and the press. Most authors are celebrated alone for the emanations of their pens, and but a trifling loss is sustained by the world when they die and leave their works behind them. But Douglas Jerrold was something more than this. He was not merely the author of "Black-Eyed Susan"—of "Mrs. Caudle's Lectures"—of "St. Giles's and St. James's"—of "Men of Character"—but more than all this, he was Douglas Jerrold, a living, speaking individual, who produced even greater effects in his moments of social recreation than in his hours of literary toil.

In the history of the English drama he holds the position of Hannibal in the History of Carthage, or of Demosthenes in that of Greek liberty. The nationality of the English theatres was destined to fall on account of a variety of circumstances, but Douglas Jerrold maintained the falling cause to the last, with the spirit of the age against him. By his *Black-eyed Susan* and his *Rent Day*, he had, in early life, established himself as the most popular dramatist of his time, but—excellent of their kind as both these pieces were—this sort of fame did not accord with his aspirations. He knew that in the old days the stage had been an arena, in which literary honors could be won, and although the taste for show and violent situations was everywhere on the increase, he labored to restore the theatre to its old dignity. Others might translate from the French—he did not. England had had a drama of her own, and might have one again; and he would not, till all was hopeless, abandon the experiment of originality. Others might bestow their

attention on the construction of their dramas, and constantly endeavour to surprise their audiences by some unexpected collision; but successes thus obtained would not be literary successes, such as would satisfy Douglas Jerrold. Herein lay the error of his theory, that he looked upon the drama as literature only, whereas it has an element that no more belongs to literature than to counterpoint, and yet is the most essential element of all. Had he not so utterly despised the character of the playwright, his latter dramatic works might have achieved a fame equal to that of his *Black-Eyed Susan*—he might have stemmed off the French deluge for a few years longer—and the question about international copyright might never have arisen. As it was, his greatest successes were not achieved on the field of his first triumphs, but he will rather go down to posterity as the humorous essayist and tale-writer, than as the eminent poet of the theatre.

However, as *The Times* says, Douglas Jerrold was "the last of the truly English dramatists." Unless some genius yet unknown starts from obscurity, and founds a new school of nationality, we see no reason why the history of the really English stage should not begin with *Ferrex and Porrex*, and end with the *Heart of Gold*.

NEXT week will be dedicated to Handel. All London—or at least all London that can afford to pay—will be at Sydenham on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday; while, on Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, the events of the intervening days will be busily talked over.

What would the poor musician of Halle have thought, could some fairy have shown him, in a dream, the enchanted palace in which, a century and a half later, honour would be paid him by the noble, wealthy, and intelligent of a yet unknown country, where he was doomed to pass the best half of his life, and one of whose sons he was destined to become? He would have awoke, rubbed his eyes, and scouted the illusion, as a castle in the air.

And yet Handel did greater things than build a palace of crystal. He reared many structures of more imposing grandeur, and from materials which, by the cunning of his art, he made imperishable. When the glass that glitters in the sun on Sydenham heights—dazzling the eyes of beholders for miles and miles around, and declaring the presence of a wonder of modern invention and ingenuity—shall be shattered into fragments, the iron supports rusted and bended, and the mighty fabric reduced to a shapeless ruin, the sublime peans of *Israel* and the *Messiah* will still arise from multitudes of throats and instruments in majestic orison to heaven!

What we owe to this harmonious Saxon—how he has fed our charities, refined our people, and strengthened our religion—we need scarcely insist. No one that ever breathed the air of England—Shakspeare perhaps excepted—has conferred greater benefits on her people. Who will venture to assert that the civilised world would not have been worse without the *Messiah*? In three short weeks a musician, a dependent on courts—eating the bread of a stupid profligate, to whose sceptered emptiness he was compelled to curb the knee—composed, under some mysterious inspiration from above, a work which has proved a greater aid to the Bible than the united preachers, church, field, and tabernacle, the commentators lay and reverend, to whom ages have given birth. Yet there have been maniacs to denounce the *Messiah*, and all such

inventions, in which music is made to illustrate the sacred writings—as if music was not just as much a gift from God as the Word itself, which He caused to be promulgated for the edification, instruction, and salvation of mankind. The bequests of the All-seeing may be put to good or bad use, and, music, like the rest, be made the instrument of benefit or of evil; but it may safely be asserted that never was art employed for loftier and purer objects than those to which Handel rendered music subservient.

To so sublime a genius, then, to so great and good a man, all honour! He cannot be too highly placed by the country in which he dwelt, for which he laboured, and which he made his own, through free choice and earnest predilection. The Handel whom we know and reverence was, indeed, one of ourselves—a thorough Englishman. The Handel of the *Messiah*—the minstrel of the scriptures—may be said to have been born and to have died in England, since his first oratorios and his last, with all the intermediate ones to boot, were conceived and accomplished there.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

LAST Thursday night the experiment was made of approximating the representation of *Don Giovanni* more closely to the design of the composer and the meaning of the poet than in any representation that has been seen for many years. Three pieces hitherto omitted have been restored, new scenery has been painted, and in some instances the business of the stage has been altered to exhibit more clearly the progress of the action. The musical reformation has been most creditably achieved under the superintendence of Signor Bonetti, and the whole strength of the company is employed in the execution of the work.

Of the restored pieces the most important is "Della sua pace," the aria sung by Don Ottavio to express his sympathy with Donna Anna after she has recounted her wrongs and sung the celebrated "Or sai chi l'onore." Why this aria has generally been omitted it is hard to conjecture, for certainly Don Ottavio is not so much overburdened with songs that he need neglect an opportunity of appealing to the audience. Sung as this was by Signor Giuglini last night it was one of the most effective airs of the whole performance. He gave it in his most unaffected and impressive style, and thus raised it above the ever popular "Il mio tesoro," in which he allowed himself certain liberties with Mozart.

Another restored air is "Ho capito," sung by Masetto, when Giovanni first begins to pay attention to Zerlina, and the bridegroom expresses his uneasiness. Awed by the condescension of the Grandee, and at the same time suspecting that all this civility is not well meant, he contrives to show obeisance to the noble friend, while in an undertone he upbraids Zerlina. The moral position thus indicated is represented with considerable humour by Signor Corsi.

The remaining restoration is "Ah, fuggi il traditor," sung by Donna Elvira immediately after the duet, "La ci darem," by the ordinary arrangement, Elvira's rescue of Zerlina from the clutches of Giovanni is scarcely intelligible, but by this air the warning against the libertine is distinctly conveyed.

Not only is the scenery new through the whole of the first act, but it has been painted in immediate reference to the business of the stage. The "introduction" does not take place in the street after the old fashion, but in a garden attached to the commander's house, into which the libertine is supposed to have intruded. When Giovanni invites the wedding-party to partake of his hospitality, his palace is the most conspicuous object in the decoration. The ball-room is fitted up with extraordinary splendour, a fountain of real water playing in the midst of it, and brilliant lamps being suspended from the ceiling. Moreover, by an ingenious arrangement of the scene, the problem of executing the dances simultaneously has been triumphantly solved. The imperfect management of this particular scene has long been lamented by the admirers of the opera, and therefore

especial pains have been taken with it on the occasion of this revival. Several of the principal dancers are engaged in the festivities of the ball, though there is no departure from the text of Mozart for the encouragement of choregraphic displays; the chorus is strengthened by the addition of several principal singers, in order to give due effect to "Viva la Liberta," and the groups ranged about the stage on different elevations, present a constant appearance of life and activity.

We have described the distinctive features of this remarkable revival; but, as the opera did not terminate till midnight, we reserve to another occasion our remarks on the details of execution. The brief statement that the Zerlina of Madlle. Piccolomini was one of the most charming of her impersonations, and that Madlle. Spezia greatly distinguished herself as Donna Anna, will suffice for the present.—*Times*.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

On Saturday *Il Trovatore* and *La Brasilienne* were repeated. The first performance of *Il Don Giovanni*, on Tuesday evening, as is invariably the case at the Italian Opera, attracted the most crowded and brilliant audience of the season. The cast only differed in one respect from that of last year. Grisi resumed her old part of Donna Anna—which, by the way, she should never have yielded up to other hands, and Herr Formes made his first appearance this season in Leporello, incidents which added to the undying attraction of Mozart's music.

Of the general performance we can speak in terms of almost unqualified praise. Grisi retains all her grandeur, intensity, and pathos. The necessity which compels her to transpose the grand air, "Or sai ch'è l'indegno," may well be overlooked for such splendid effects as she produces. No doubt it is very desirable that every indication of Mozart's music should be preserved; but, on the other hand, we know that Mozart wrote for particular singers. Still, it were better, certainly, if the artists could sing the music as the composer wrote it.

Nothing could be more charming than Mad. Bosio's acting as Zerlina. Her singing would have been perfect, if we except a few slight liberties taken with "Vedrai, carino" and "Batti, batti," which were by no means improvements on Mozart. Mad. Bosio was unanimously encored in both. The Zerlina of this highly accomplished artist is now a model.

Mdlle. Marai sings the difficult music of Elvira with much facility, and goes through the ungrateful task of representing the love-lorn and abandoned lady with zeal and determination. Her grand air, "Mi tradi," was capitally sung.

Herr Formes' Leporello is too well known to call for a particular analysis. It is, undoubtedly, one of the German basso's most genuine performances, and if not always so amusing as Signor Lablache's, or so finished in a vocal sense, is more thoroughly Mozartean in conception. In the terrible *denouement*, in which Leporello figures so prominently, Herr Formes never attempts, by grimace or buffoonery—which we have been too often compelled to censure in others—to entice the spectators to laughter, but by his gravity and well-assumed terror, adds greatly to the impressiveness of the scene.

The Ottavio of Mario was perhaps the most perfect, certainly the most delightful delineation in the entire cast. Although his "Il mio tesoro" escaped the customary encore, it never deserved it more. Donna Anna's lover is generally considered a lack-a-daisical young gentleman, forward in vows but backward in their accomplishment, and is so represented by the generality of tenors; but Mario, by his genius, transmutes this "nonsuch" into life and vigour, and makes him a man in spite of the librettist. His perfect phrasing and expression in the trio of the masks, "Protegga, il giusto cielo," added to the excellent singing of Grisi and Marai, won for it an uproarious encore.

Of Ronconi—who on most occasions monopolises praise—we are unwilling to speak, since we cannot, conscientiously, be eulogistic. Don Giovanni is no more suited to this great artist than Count Rudolpho in *Sonnambula*, Riccardo in *Puritani*, or Doctor Malatesta in *Don Pasquale*—but, we need not observe, for very different reasons. In fact, Ronconi is an artist in extremes; he shines most in the high tragic, or low comic, and

hence his only great scene in *Don Giovanni* is the last with the Ghost, and in this, in reality, his acting and singing would make amends for a thousand deficiencies.

We cannot close our notice of particular personages without due acknowledgment to Signora Polonini and Tagliafico, who, in their respective parts of Masetto and the Commendatore, were really worthy the highest praise, and who, by their strenuous exertions, added to the powerful *ensemble* of the performance.

The band and chorus under Mr. Costa were irreproachable from beginning to end.

Mdlle. Cerito and M. Desplaces danced the minuet in the ball scene; but why ballet-dancers, and not peasants, should be introduced, we have asked more than a dozen times. Mr. Costa should look at Mozart's score; Mad. Viardot Garcia, we are sure, would lend it him.

La Brasilienne followed.

On Thursday, an extra night, *Rigoletto* was given, and was succeeded by *La Brasilienne*.

MR. BENEDICT'S CONCERTS.

THE annual concerts of Mr. Benedict has for many years been accounted one of the features of the London season, all the attainable celebrities being engaged, and the programme being invariably distinguished by some attractive novelty. This year, however, the eminent professor and pianist—instigated, doubtless, by the difficulty of accommodating at one "sitting" his numerous friends and patrons, has considered it necessary to divide his single entertainment into a series of three grand "dramatic, classical, and miscellaneous" concerts, the first of which came off on Wednesday morning, at Her Majesty's Theatre, and brought together a large and fashionable attendance.

In a very long programme Mr. Benedict had the rare modesty of presenting himself to the public three times only—twice as a composer, and once as an executant. His two *morceaux* were the overture to the *Crusaders*, and the charming ballad, "At morn upon the beach," from his opera, the *Brides of Venice*, very nicely sung by Herr Reichardt. Mr. Benedict's single performance was in a duet for two pianofortes by Kalkbrenner, with Signor Andreoli, an Italian pianist whom our readers may remember to have heard or read of in the papers as producing a favourable impression at M. Jullien's concerts and elsewhere last season.

All the favourites of the establishment appeared. Alboni sang the air with chorus, "Pensa alla patria," from *L'Italiana in Algeri*, with wonderful effect, and with a charm of voice impossible to surpass. She also gave the famous *brindisi* from *Lucrezia Borgia* with inimitable spirit (not forgetting the unrivalled *trillo*), and joined Signor Giuglini in the duet, "Si la stanchezza," from *Il Trovatore*. All these were encored, but Alboni declined.

Signor Giuglini essayed Beethoven's "Adelaida," in the key of C major (a note higher than the original), and was admirably accompanied by Mr. Benedict on the pianoforte. Mr. Charles Braham sang the air from *I Lombardi*, "La mia letizia," with excellent taste, and Mdlle. Piccolomini produced a great effect in the quintet from the finale to the second act of *Lucia di Lammermoor*. The other vocal pieces were too familiar to need description.

Of the instrumental performances the best was Mendelssohn's violin concerto, executed by Ernst, with wonderful poetry, and in the genuine spirit of the composer from first to last. The other was Weber's *Concert Stück*, which is not at all adapted to the peculiar style of Madame Schumann.

The novelty of the concert, however, was the *finale* from Mendelssohn's unfinished opera of *Loreley*, which was presented for the first time in this country, on the stage, with appropriate scenery and dresses. The finale is composed for principal *soprano*, orchestra and chorus. Mdlle. Spezia gave the music of Leonora with great dramatic intensity. The chorus and orchestra did their best. The musical world has to thank Mr. Benedict for the opportunity afforded of hearing Mendelssohn's magnificent fragment thus interpreted.

Mr. Benedict conducted all the important pieces, with his ac-

customed ability. The operatic *morceaux* were under the control of Signor Bonetti.

The band executed the overtures to *Der Freischütz* and the *Zauberflöte*.

At the next concert Gluck's *Orfeo* is promised, with Alboni as the hero; and Miss Arabella Goddard will play Mendelssohn's first concerto.

HERR KLINDWORTH'S CONCERT.

This entertainment challenges notice for more reasons than one. Herr Klindworth, a pupil of Dr. Liszt, is a pianist of great pretensions, and the selection of music which he invited his patrons to hear at the Beethoven Rooms on Friday evening week, was both interesting and curious.

First, there was an *ottetto* for pianoforte, flute, clarinet, horn, and the four stringed instruments, the composition of Herr Rubinstein—a work of even greater length than his pianoforte concerto, already described, and more utterly opposed to every thing which the real masters of the art have taught us to regard as musical. This extraordinary jumble of unconnected passages and fragments of phrases is as devoid of ingenious contrivance as it is destitute of that quality of melody without which music is not music at all. On the other hand, the pianoforte part is crowded with mechanical difficulties as impracticable to players of less musical dexterity than Herr Rubinstein himself as they would be worthless even if accomplished to perfection. Herr Klindworth laboured zealously at his task; but his performance was nervous and unfinished; and no wonder, since even the gentlemen who undertook the accompaniments, meagre and uninteresting as is the score, could make nothing effective out of the little they had to do, and were as often at fault as otherwise. A protest should be made, by all genuine amateurs, against such desecrations of a beautiful art. If music like Herr Rubinstein's ever obtains currency the works of real masters, from Bach to Mendelssohn—which involve more than a century of intellectual progress—may just as well be consigned to the flames.

Herr Klindworth's second essay was in a different school, but hardly more successful as an executive display. The sonata of Beethoven, Op. 101 (in A major), one of the latter five which have recently been making so much noise, seems not to be in his way. The lovely movement (*Allegretto*) with which it commences, was tormented so as to arrest the flow of the melody in places not intended. Beethoven has indicated pauses and suspensions enough, without the performer being under the necessity of taxing his imagination for any more. The movement in F (*vivace alla marcia*) was taken too slow, and was often wanting in distinctness; while the *finale*—from which, judging from the reputation Herr Klindworth enjoys as an executant, we expected most—was dislocated by capricious changes of time, much too slow, and from end to end unfinished. The least unsuccessful part of this was the fugue. The last sonatas of Beethoven are not to be played *ad captandum*, even by favourite pupils of Liszt.

Herr Klindworth was far more at home in Liszt's *fantasia* on an *andante* and march from Herr Raff's much puffed opera of *King Alfred*, which he played admirably. But then what silly music! What a poor parody of the worn-out *fantasia* on the *Lucia* quintet!

The best performance of the evening was Bach's concerto in C minor, for two pianofortes, which was splendidly executed by Herren Rubinstein and Klindworth.

There was also some vocal music by Mdlle. Jenny Bauer and Herr Von der Osten (accompanied on the pianoforte by Mr. Benedict); besides solos on the violoncello and violin by MM. Paque and Sainton.

THE SOIRÉE OF THE RÉUNION DES ARTS, on Wednesday, was given in honour of Antoine Rubinstein, who performed his sonata for piano and violoncello, with M. Paque, and several pianoforte solos. One of his six quartets, for two violins, tenor, and violoncello, was executed by Herren Ernst, Goffrie, Mas, and Paque, in which the *scherzo allegretto* was encored. The vocalists were Madlle. Stubbe, Madame Ferretti—a good artist, with a fine contralto voice, and Herr Von der Osten.

MR. HENRY LESLIE'S CHOIR.

THE last subscription concert was given on Thursday evening, at the Hanover Square Rooms. Mr. Leslie's Choir were in great force, and obtained four encores. These were, S. W. Waley's part-song, "This world is all a fleeting show"—a very effective and spirited composition; Hatton's part-song for male voices, "Absence," "Rule Britannia," and Benedict's Serenade from the *Gipsy's Warning*, "Blest be the home." Better still perhaps than any of these was Wilbye's Madrigal "Flora gave me fairest flowers," which was admirable for delicacy and finish throughout. The rapid advances made lately by the choir under Mr. Henry Leslie's direction is creditable alike to the teacher and the taught.

CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERTS.

THAT the programme of the fifth concert—May 29th—was the best of the series, up to the present time, will be acknowledged at a glance. It was as follows:—

PART I.

STABAT MATER—Mesdames Grisi, Marai, Didiée, Signors Mario, Neri-Baraldi, Ronconi, Tagliafico, and M. Zelger Rossini.

PART II.

Overture— <i>La Gazza Ladra</i>	Rossini.
Aria—"Bella siccome," Sig. Graziani	Donizetti.
Aria—"Vedrai, carino," Mad. Bosio	Mozart.
Madrigal—"Maidens, never go a-wooing"	Macfarren.
Aria—"O luce di quest' anima," Mad. Parepa	Donizetti.
Duet—"Sire! sia ver!" Mad. Bosio and Signor Graziani	Verdi.
Aria—"Va, dit elle," Mdlle. Rosa Devries	Meyerbeer.
Preghiero e Finale—"Nume del ciel" (<i>Masaniello</i>)	Auber.

Rossini's sacred work did not seem to be as thoroughly appreciated by the visitors to the Sydenham Palace, as by the public of Her Majesty's Theatre, Covent Garden, or Exeter Hall. There was no enthusiasm, and hardly an attempt at an encore. Judging from the effect produced by the *Stabat Mater*, we should infer that grave music was at a discount in the Crystal Palace, at least with the frequenters on Fridays. We must not, however, argue therefore that good music is not acceptable, nor that the audiences are not discriminating. The enthusiastic encores awarded to Rossini's overture, which commenced the second part—magnificently played by the band—and Mad. Bosio's "Vedrai, carino"—exquisitely sung—disproved this, and showed there was no want of warmth on the part of the hearers. One of the most satisfactory performances of the whole concert was Macfarren's charming madrigal from *Charles the Second*, in which the chorus distinguished themselves especially by the delivery and finish of their singing.

On Saturday, to the usual performances given under the direction of Mr. Manns, was added the Cologne Choir, who gave several of their part-songs and choruses with great effect, and introduced Mendelssohn's cantata, *The Sons of Art*, written expressly for the Cologne Festival, besides two choruses from his *Antigone*. On this occasion the Saturday Concert took place in the Central Transept, where the Royal Italian Opera Concerts take place.

ST. MARTIN'S HALL.

THE eighth and last of a series of subscription concerts, under the direction of Mr. Hullah, was brought to a termination on Wednesday evening with great *éclat*. The programme comprised Mendelssohn's *Lauda Sion*, and Rossini's *Stabat Mater*. The principal vocalists were Misses Banks and Palmer, Madlle. de Villar, Messrs. Sims Reeves and Thomas, and the chorus was composed of Mr. Hullah's First Upper Singing School. The execution of both pieces, more particularly Mendelssohn's *Lauda Sion*, was highly satisfactory. The exquisitely melodious quartet, at the close of the last-named work, sung by Misses Banks and Palmer, Messrs. Sims Reeves and Thomas, was loudly and unanimously encored. In the duet "Quis est homo?" from the *Stabat Mater*, Madlle. de Villar displayed a very pleasing soprano voice, and an unpretending manner. The hall was entirely filled.

THE MUSICAL UNION.

(From the *Athenæum*.)

At the fourth concert of the Musical Union the *pianiste* was Madame Schumann, and the great piece for her display the Rudolph *Trio* of Beethoven. This did not go well. We liked Madame Schumann's reading less than we conceived it possible to like a reading of Beethoven by her,—and her execution was by no means unimpeachable. In another place the performance might have passed under favour of the regard we owe to one bearing a great name, but Mr. Ella *will* be his own critic and admirer, and the high pretensions he assumes make avoidance of calling what is inferior by the right adjective impossible. As we are on the subject (for the last time), we must once again deprecate Mr. Ella's fancy for pressing every one's name into print. Be it for praise, be it for blame, the habit of publishing private communications and of naming openly those who have no ambition for such advertisement, is an offence against good taste, to which the royal and noble patron, presidents, and committee of the Musical Union, ought to put an end.

CONCERTS.

ON Tuesday Signor GIULIO REGONDI gave his annual concert at Willis's Rooms. A full and fashionable audience attended. We have frequently remarked on the brilliant style and feeling of Signor Regondi, both as a player on the concertina and on the guitar, and need not allude to them now. Herr Molique's sonata for the concertina in B flat is replete with difficulties to an ordinary player, but are thrown off with incomparable ease by Sig. Regondi; under his hand, indeed, they do not seem to exist. It is a charming composition, and was written expressly for the instrument by Herr Molique, we believe, some three years ago. It was accompanied on the pianoforte by Herr Tedesco. The other pieces played by Sig. Regondi were a *duetto concertante* on a national Polish air for concertina and violoncello, with Herr Lidel; a solo for the guitar from *I Capuletti e Montecchi*, and a concerto by Spohr. Madame Lemmens executed the variations by Pucitta, and was warmly applauded in a *duetto* of Boieldieu's, "Lieto momento," with M. Jules Lefort. The latter sang some of his French romanzas. The Orpheus Glee Union were encored in Hatton's part song "Evening." The violoncello fantasia on airs from *Norma* by Herr Lidel, Mr. Boleyn Reeves' harp solo on airs from *Der Freischütz*, and Herr Tedesco's solo on the pianoforte, are entitled to mention. Mr. Allan Irving has a good voice and sang well in an air from Verdi's *Attila*. Mdlle. Ferretti has a deep contralto voice, which she affects to render deeper by an artifice of vocalisation, which is more surprising than pleasing. The accompanist was Signor Vera.

MADAME PUZZI'S ANNUAL CONCERT was given at the Queen's Concert Rooms, Hanover-square, on Monday last. Mad. Clara Novello sang Mozart's *duetto*, "Sull'aria" with Mad. Lemmens, and a pleasing romanza, "Se fido a me," by Sig. Vera. Miss Lascelles and Mr. Charles Braham sang a *duet* from *Il Trovatore*, and Mad. Borchardt and Sig. Monari the *duetto*, "Dunque io son," from *Il Barbiere*. Mad. Caradori gave an air from *Tarquato Tasso*, and the Swedish airs sung by Mad. Westerstrand—who has an extraordinary voice—seemed to please by their strangeness and wild originality. Sig. Solieri has a pleasing voice, and turns his falsetto to good account. Herr Reichardt sang "Les Etoiles," by Blumenthal, with admirable expression and good taste. The popular trio, "Papataci," *L'Italiana in Algeri*, was sung with good *ensemble* by Sig. Solieri, F. Lablache, and Belletti. Sig. Belletti's facility of execution was well displayed in the *duetto* of the *Turco in Italia* with signor F. Lablache. Sig. Bottesini, in a solo on the contrabasso, exhibited his marvellous execution and the faultless purity of his tone. The accompanists at the piano were Messrs. Benedict, Vera, Biletta, and Pilotti.

The "gilded saloons" of Devonshire-house, Piccadilly, were thrown open for the reception of the *crème de la crème* of metropolitan society, on Thursday afternoon, when Mr. CHARLES COOTE,

pianist to the Duke of Devonshire, gave his annual *matinée musicale*. The artistes were Mdme. Clara Novello, Miss Dolby, M. Jules Lefort, Mr. Sims Reeves, and Signor Bottesini. M. Louis Engel presided at the harmonium, and the *bénéficiaire* at the pianoforte, while the Duke's private band also played several *morceaux d'ensemble*. The whole concert appeared to give great satisfaction to the numerous and aristocratic audience, the most popular pieces being two new songs by Miss Dolby, an Italian and a French romance by M. Jules Lefort, and the popular "Come into the garden, Maude," sung with his usual *entrain* by Mr. Sims Reeves. Mdme. Novello also came in for a large share of the applause, her execution of a French romance by Panzeron, "Tyrol, qui m'as tu naïtre," and "Ma negle estremi instanti," from *Il Giuramento*, evoking decided expressions of approval. Mr. Coote, in addition to accompanying the other artists, performed a solo of his own on airs from *Les Vêpres Siciliennes*, which enabled him to give ample evidence of his musical taste and skill. Signor Bottesini's marvellous feats on the contra-basso—so extraordinary, yet so artistic and pleasing—were, it is unnecessary to state, listened to with mingled astonishment and admiration, and warmly applauded. His Grace the Duke of Devonshire, who was present at the concert, permitted the company to view the magnificent suite of *salons* at its termination.

MR. HAROLD THOMAS and MR. RICHARD BLAGROVE'S second *Matinée Musicale* came off on Monday at Willis's Rooms. The important pieces were Beethoven's Sonata, for pianoforte and violin, executed by Mr. Harold Thomas and M. Sainton; and Moscheles' Duo Concertante, "Hommage à Handel," for two pianofortes, performed by Messrs. Lindsay Sloper and Harold Thomas. Miss Dolby, Madame Weiss, Mr. Charles Braham, and Mr. Weiss sang.

HERR CHARLES OBERTHUR'S MORNING CONCERT took place at Willis's Rooms on Thursday. There is little to say about this affair, except that Herr Oberthur exhibited his acknowledged talents as a harpist, particularly in Parish Alvars' Serenade. Herr Oberthur also came forward, and conspicuously, as a composer, his chief contribution to the programme being a "Grand Trio Original," for violin, violoncello, and harp.

LYCEUM.—Madame Ristori appeared on Monday as Medea in the play of that name, and on Wednesday as Rosmunda in Alfieri's noble tragedy. At present, therefore, we have only to record that her representations were numerous and brilliantly attended, and that she charmed as much as ever by the grandeur of her delivery, and the classicality of her attitudes. Next week we trust to give an account of her performance in *Camilla*, the original work by Signor Montanelli, which has achieved so great a success in Paris.

SURREY THEATRE.—After a decided success at both Italian operas, and paying a flying visit, *incog.*, to the novel regions of Exeter Hall, Verdi's much-maligned heroine of the "Camellias," *La Traviata*, was successfully produced on the boards of the Surrey Theatre last night; the text, which had been by some means reduced to the prudent insipidity so satisfactory to the Lord Chamberlain and his deputies, being of course in English. Without again discussing the various questions, musical and moral, of the *Traviata*, it will suffice us to state that this opera is as likely to become as popular in the transpontine regions, as it has been at the more aristocratic houses devoted to Italian operas. The frail heroine was played with a great vigour and abandon by Miss Lucy Escott, who gives the Piccolomini reading of the character, not forgetting the consumptive cough, which the youthful Italian *prima donna* has so judiciously got rid of this season. Mr. Haigh was a very creditable representative of the somewhat "spooney" lover, Alfred, and Mr. Durand gave little cause for fault-finding as his father. The chorus and band had evidently been well drilled, though the former failed sadly in the bacchanalian chorus in the last act, devoted to the praises of the *boeuf gras*. The scenery and properties were all new and rich, and the opera appeared to give the utmost satisfaction to a crowded audience, the principals being called before the curtain at its termination. Mr. J. H. Tully presided in the orchestra, where he has evidently been very active during the rehearsals.

DUBLIN.—(From a Correspondent.)—The annual concert of the University Choral Society was given, as is customary, within the walls of Trinity College, on Friday evening, June 5th. The programme included the following:—The music in *Macbeth* (complete), Matthew Lock. Glee, "Breath, my harp," Bishop. Madrigal, "Hard by a fountain," Waelrent. Song, "Fairest maiden," Werner. Glee, "Mark the merry elves," Calcott. Glee "Five times," Storace. Madrigal, "Nymphs of the forest," Horsley. Cantata, "The Festival of Benevolence," Kuhlau. Chorus, "In life there's no enjoyment," Kreutzer. Song, "When the quiet morn," Schondorf. Madrigal, "My lady fair," Waller. Quartet, "Fondest, dearest," Abbott. Four-part song, "Integer vite," Fleming. Quartet and chorus, "Sounds of war," Stuntz. The cantata by Kuhlau (a graceful and well-finished, but not very original work), and Stuntz's "Sounds of war," were novelties to most of the audience. The latter is a very effective composition for male voice chorus, with accompaniments of four horns, three trumpets, and trombones. The concert was under the direction of Dr. Stewart, and gave general satisfaction.

DUBLIN.—"The first public performance by the pupils of the Irish Academy of Music," writes *Saunders* of the 27th May, "since its reorganisation in 1856, was given last evening in the Antient Concert Hall, and was attended with a degree of success which must have been gratifying to the committee and encouraging to the professors of music, upon whose aid the progress of the pupils so largely depends. Amongst those present were the Lord Chancellor, the Lord Justice of Appeal, the Lord Chief Baron, the Provost, and several other distinguished persons. The selection of music was pleasing and suitable. All the professors of the academy, including Dr. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. J. Robinson, Mr. Levey, and Herr Ellsner assisted, and several members of the committee strengthened the chorus in addition to their other services. The orchestra, uniting the extremes of the musical profession—artists of acknowledged ability, and tiny fellows whose pupillage excited a smile of admiration—performed to the satisfaction of the audience, as was evinced by the applause bestowed on the overture to the *Caliph of Bagdad*. The solo violin airs from *Maritana*, arranged by Mr. Hughes, assistant professor of the violin, and played by Mr. Hatton, a somewhat advanced pupil, was excellent, and was warmly encored. The duet, 'Ever-blessed Child,' from Mendelssohn's *Athalie*, was pleasingly sung by Misses Herbert and Thomson. The performances of the two little violinists—Masters Farrell and Keane—was extremely interesting. The Irish melodies, harmonized by Miss Shepherd and Miss Bayley, two of the pupils, and sung by the chorus, told admirably; and the beauty of the national airs was felt deeply, notwithstanding the effect of the foreign effusions by which they were preceded and followed. The pianoforte duet by the Misses Davis evinced both capability and progress. The orchestral accompaniment, arranged by Mrs. J. Robinson, added much to the effect. The concerto for pianoforte and orchestra by Hummel, played by Miss Foster, may be said to have been the pianoforte performance of the evening, and Miss Foster acquitted herself in a manner which might well excite the emulation of any learner. Miss Herbert, in the song 'Though clouds by tempest,' evinced a degree of taste and appreciation which promised well. Mr. Grandison's violin solo was a difficult one, and he played with ease and self-possession. Dr. Smith's canon for four voices was fairly rendered. Miss Perrin's song, 'Rose softly blooming,' was encored; Miss Perrin showed much taste, feeling, and cultivation. The performance concluded with the overture *La Dame Blanche*.—"Beethoven's sinfonia in B flat opened the Philharmonic concert last evening," says the *Packet* of May 23rd. "Mr. Bussell may justly compliment himself on the mastery which he has attained over his band. The vocal division of the concert was inaugurated by Miss Ellen Williams, a native artist. This lady has not sung in Ireland since her *début*, but we learn that she has established a solid reputation in the English metropolis. Improvement is so visible in her style and tone since she last appeared in Dublin, that we look upon her as a decided acquisition to the concert-room. She first sang an Italian aria, which displayed her resources in giving plaintive melody its due

expression. Miss Williams's next essay was a Tyrolean song full of characteristic peculiarities of style which are obstacles to an English vocalist. In the second part, she gave a bolero from the French with great taste. Her voice has been cultivated with care, and she sings without embarrassment or imperfection of tone. The audience frequently manifested approval of Miss Williams's singing by applause. Miss Milner sang several pieces with creditable skill; and in the trio, 'Take heart, my son,' the Misses Cruise and Mr. Richard Smith were admirable. We are always glad to see Mrs. Joseph Robinson among the performers. Piano music was not well represented at our concerts until lately; but this complaint is now baseless. She played Mendelssohn's 'Rondo brillante' and the 'Etude de concert' with a brilliancy and spirit well deserving the encore awarded to the latter. Two overtures were given by the orchestra in the second division of the concert, Sterndale Bennett's *Naiades* and Auber's *Barcarole*. Both were beautifully played. The glee, 'Oh, by the rivers,' concluded a concert of which the Philharmonics may be proud."

MUSIC AT THE ANTIPODES.—A performance of the *Messiah* was given, for the first time at Auckland (New Zealand), on Thursday evening, February 5th, in the presence of nearly 1000 persons, including the Governor-General and his satellites. The band and chorus consisted of 150 members of the Auckland Choral Society, conducted by Mr. Joseph Brown. In the absence of horns, violas, oboes, and contrabassi, a pianoforte, by Kirkman, was called into use. The pianist was Mr. Fleetwood, and the leaders Captain Balneavis and Mr. Davis (the talented band-master of the 58th Regiment). The *Messiah* was to be repeated on the following Thursday, the profits of which performance were to be devoted to the purchase of the fine-toned Kirkman piano, for the use of the society.—(From a Correspondent.)

ORATORIO AND THE PATHOLOGY OF ART.

(By JOSEPH GODDARD.)

THE artistic intention of a Sacred Oratorio is a grand, comprehensive, and replete expression of that momentous phenomenon of the human heart, religious emotion; the lofty utterance of this expression being, by the law of natural propriety and universal consistency, rendered possible to no other voice in the possession of mankind except that of music—the culmination of the effects of the principle of tone and phrase—the language of the feelings of humanity. Painting, as I have elsewhere remarked, being able to express but so much of religious emotion as can visibly appear in the aspect of the human countenance; and language being only able to indicate the existence of devotional feeling in its outward action upon things; its inward action upon the human heart—the deep rapture of spirit and sublimity of nature attending its possession, still remaining uninvoked from their silent intensity in the breast of man. Nor have the above-mentioned influences magic enough to summon this portion of its glory to reveal itself.

I will not be so presumptuous as to assert that even music, with its great resources of impression, and its vast power of emotional utterance, is fully equal to the awful expression of religious emotion in its internal influence upon the human heart, and in the solemn glory of nature attending its possession. For nature, in determining how far those resources for man's indulgence that are not directly available for his practical service shall be fairly admitted into her human economy, seems, whilst implying the possession of emotion, the most serious and important of her great arrangements, to pronounce, a medium appropriate for its entire and direct communication, a luxury for man so ethereal and transcendent as to be inconsistent with the present condition of his existence.

Thus, whilst we perceive that nature herself has developed to an extent far beyond what the mind of man could ever have conceived, the principle of "Painting," she has introduced into her great plan only the *germs* of the principle of "Music." Whilst she herself completely illustrates the principles of nearly all the other arts, of music she gives but the principles alone, leaving their exemplification to man; whilst the bright bound-

less picture gallery of the Great Painter may be entered whilst treading the ordinary, practical path of life. The temple of Music can *only* be gained by stepping a little aside to the shady groves of elevated leisure.

And it is here alone where we can listen to that mysterious voice whose sound has been denied us amidst the general murmur of life—the voice of human feeling. It is here alone where the great emotional undercurrent of the world breaks forth into visible streams. It is here alone where that indelible and momentous cypher, graven by passion upon the heart of man, bursts into burning characters of flame. It is here alone where the spoken echo, from the human breast, of God's appeal, is heard; even as it is alone within the atmosphere of the universe, where are heard the reverberations of thunder.

Such are the conditions of its existence amongst us, of that influence whose high property it is to bestow a form upon, and render apparent to, the senses of man, that otherwise shapeless and voiceless phenomena of the inner world—human emotion. But if it were otherwise; if in addition to the bestowment upon mankind of full facility for the intercommunication of facts, nature had developed amidst us a medium available for the complete expression of human feeling,—if amidst the allotment of other resources of man's indulgence there had been included the elevated and chastened resource of being able to fully impart to others the feelings of the heart—the silent sympathy—the voiceless love—the noiseless rapture—the rayless glory—what harmonies would flow!—what songs would rise!—what varied eloquence would stir the air of daily life!—what a mighty symphony, burthened with pathos and prayer, would ascend from humanity to the intent ears of heaven! Nevertheless, there has still been bestowed upon us the elements of this momentous tongue—the germs of this heavenly influence—which man, by his great gift of intellect, and enlightened by God through the almost preternatural inspiration of genius, hath developed into an influence of not small impressive power, and with a voice of emotional utterance soaring beyond nature and rising loudly in its mighty power into the remote realms of art—realms which become solemn as they near that elevation where art becomes truth—the truth of the spiritual world.

(To be continued.)

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